

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are seene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance
My body to this businesse. Let us rise
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

Still Musicke of Records.
*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incense and sweet odours,
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtsiey and kneele.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And sacred silver Mistris, lend thine care
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition
Seasond with ho'y feare; This is my last
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him out of two, I should
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loose one, they are equal precious.

I could doombe neither, that which perish'd should
Goe too't unsentenc'd: Therefore most modest Queene,
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and in the
place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With sacred act advances: But one Rose,
If well inspir'd, this Battaille shal confound
Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
Must grow alone unpluck'd.
*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instruments, and the
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is false, the Tree descends: O Mistris
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will;
Unclaspe thy Misterie: I hope she's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gracious.

They curtsiey and Exeunt.

Scena 2. *Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Woer, in habite of
Palamon.*

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?
Woer. O very much; The maids that hept her company
Have halfe perswaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and asked me what I
Would eate, and when I would kisse her: I told her
Presently, and kist her twice.

Doct. T was well done; twentie times had bin far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

Woer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doe so,
And when your fit comes, sit her home,

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And